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ANTONIO.

Nay, good Lauretta, nay!
I never did forget Maria, never!

LAURETTA

(dips her pail on the fountain, and gives it to him to drink.)

Now drink your fill!

ANTONIO *(drinks eagerly)*.

How exquisitely cool!

LAURETTA.

Right from the caverns of the lower world.

ANTONIO *(smiling)*.

Thanks, thanks to thee, thou sweet Rebecca,
thanks!

I shall provide thee some day with a husband.

LAURETTA.

Why not at once?

ANTONIO *(tries to get up.)*

I must be going now—
I'm very tired! *(sits down again.)*

LAURETTA.

Sit still, and rest awhile!
Maria's coming with her little boy,
To meet you, and will very soon be here;
So wait, and you may go together home!

ANTONIO.

Strange, but I feel a sinking at the heart!

LAURETTA.

You're too much given to sadness, Master Antonio!

This comes of painting pictures of the saints.
Come, sit beneath this tree, and rest your limbs,
And I will sing you there a little song,
Will chime delightfully beside the spring.

ANTONIO.

Yes, sing, my child, and brighten up my heart!

LAURETTA *(sings.)*

The fairy dwells in the rocky hall,
The pilgrim sits by the waterfall;
The waters tumble as white as snow,
From the rocks above to the pool below;
Sir Pilgrim, plunge in the dashing spray,
And you shall be my own love away!

From the bonds of the body thy soul I'll free,
Thou shalt merrily dance in the woods with me.
Sir Pilgrim, into the waters dash,
And ivory white thy bones I'll wash.
Deep, deep shall thou rest in my cozy home,
And the waterfall o'er thee shall burst in foam.

The pilgrim he thrills, and to rise were fain,
But his limbs are so weary, he strives in vain;
The fairy she comes with her golden hair,
And she hands him a goblet of water fair;
He drinks the cool draught, and he feels again
The frenzy of fever in heart and brain.

It chills his marrow, it chills his blood,
He has drunken of the deadly flood;
Pale, pale he sinks on the roses red,
There lies the pilgrim, and he is dead.
The whirlpool sweeps him far down, and there
His bones 'mongst the sedges lie blanch'd and bare.

And now from the body the soul is free,
Now at midnight it comes to the greenwood tree;
In spring, when the mountain stream runs high,
His ghost with the fairy goes dancing by;
Then shines through the forest the wan moon's beam,
And through the clear waters his white bones gleam.

(Rising.)

But it grows late, and I must leave you now,
'Tis time I were away to milk my kids.
Good speed you! Soon Maria will be here
With your Giovanni for you.

ANTONIO.

Many thanks!

LAURETTA.

No cause for that!

*[Exit.]*ANTONIO *(gazes after her.)*

Thou'rt right! A frightful song,
A trumpet call of death; a jubilate

Of the dark powers that work beneath the world!
Such thistles Italia did ne'er beget
Upon her flowery breast. Fair Lombardess,
Thou from thy mother didst inherit them,
And she from hers, to whom through years they came

Down from that ancestress, who hang'd herself
In knotted coil of a wild horse's tail,
Mad with the thought, that her barbarian lord
The battle lost. She said to me, Good speed you!
And not Farewell! She handed me the draught
Of death,—the fairy with the golden locks!
It chill'd my marrow, and it chill'd my blood.
By heaven, I lived the ballad through, the while
She with a heart so blithe was singing it.

*(Collects himself, is silent for a moment,
and then proceeds more calmly.)*

It is with fancy as with every power,
With every spark of flame; before it dies,
It flashes up, but once, a bright farewell.
So be it; I fear not. If she were a fairy,
Then the fair being who in Parma crown'd
My head with laurel, was my Muse; so too
Maria will no wretched widow be,
She is the heavenly Maria's self;
Giovanni, thou no sireless orphan art,
Thou art Giovanni's self, the little angel,
Who follow'd with the Agnus-Dei staff
Maria unto earth, to consecrate
And guide my art to Christianity's
Aggrandisement and glory. Yes, 'tis so!

(Cheerfully.)

How sweet the evening is, how blue and cool!
The coolness fans me with its ethereal wings,
And soothes me. East, a whispering rain is
falling;

The sun sinks in the west, but in the south
Still paints a glorious rainbow on the dew.
How gladsomely the green smiles forth on me,
Like hope from out the blue eternity!
I feel as though the seven best colours beam'd
A bright all hail! in this my parting hour.
As though they beckon'd me from these dim
shades

On to pure light, their stainless parent's home.

(Takes up the bag.)

I take thee up, thou heavy load of life,
For the last time. Thou cruel Mammon! Still
The spirit's foe, whose aims are not of earth!
Thou art avenged! The little that my pencil
Wrested from thee, oppress'd my shoulders ever
With iron weight. Soon shall I live without
you!

Oh come, Maria! my Giovanni, come!
Only one look, one little, last farewell!
Yes, thou kind heaven, I ask but this one joy,
Life's sweetest—and I die without a murmur!

[Exit.]

(On the other side, enter MARIA with GIOVANNI; he has the Agnus-Dei staff in his hand.)

GIOVANNI.

Why does not father come, dear mother—why!

MARIA.

He will come soon, I hope; he has had much
To do to-day in Parma.

(To be continued.)

GERMAN papers speak highly of the new Gallery at Dresden. The Dutch pictures are not better placed—but the Italian are much improved. The plate glass has been removed from the Raphael Madonna. Holbein's "Maria" has a place of honor. The whole alteration took only three months. The Gallery is open gratis every day, except Saturday, when a small fee of about fourpence is demanded.—*Athenaeum.*

* Green among the northern nations is regarded as the color of hope.

RUIRIM.

FAED'S MILTON AND SHAKESPEARE.

THERE can be no better illustration of the great and perfect system of government by law than the just view of technical Art. As in the perfectly regulated community, each member endeavors so to fill his place that the general good and order may be most fully subserved, never obtruding himself or his office on the attention of others, so in the perfectly painted picture, there is no detail that is not perfect in itself, and yet completely subordinated to the general effect of the picture, so that when you regard it as a whole, you shall feel the true and harmonious combination of many things into one, and on regarding each part it shall yet be entirely satisfactory as an individual. There are two ways of departure from this golden mean—the one, which may be called the tyrannical, being the entire sacrifice of the dignity and independent perfection of the details to the central conception and general effect, so that when you have received this effect, there is nothing further to be obtained; the other, which, correspondingly, may be called the anarchical, is that in which detail constantly obtrudes itself on our notice, heedless of the general unity and order, and of the effect of the whole. No least part is willing to be overlooked for an instant, and so the whole is lost to all good purpose.

These conditions are alike erroneous, yet they characterize almost all modern Art; and of the two, most unthinking men prefer the former as bearing the semblance, at least, of order, and because the impersistence of an ill-governed populace is, of all social evils, most distressing to sober and conservative minds. But the other is, to thoughtful men, more hopeful, because it is only through the perfect development of the individual that general perfection can be reached, and though in itself a disagreeable state, it is endured as promising grand results when the details, individually perfect, shall learn their true positions and accept them. It is in this state that the most of English painting exists at present. Pre-Raphaelitism cast down the gauntlet to human authority in Art, and the good old radical spirit of the English people began to manifest itself in a series of defiant vagaries and ultraisms, as if to recompense itself by an extraordinary degree of liberty for its long bondage to tradition and academicisms; and with this there came too much of what we have called the anarchical error. Painters learned to delight too strongly in the perfection of detail considered by itself, and there arose a large, and we are sorry to say, exceedingly popular school, who paint detail with great accuracy and skill, but with very little regard to the higher ends of Art. In their works the accessories become principal, and the central idea is omitted—the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out.

The pictures under notice are excellent examples of this class; painted with astonishing skill and dexterity, with exceeding accuracy both of texture and local color, they are yet destitute of a central thought, for the individuals purporting to name the pictures, are as much accessory as the carved book-case or table, for all wait on and bear witness alone to the painter's

skill. It is all surface. Those unlearned in the principles of Art will admire the pictures, because everything in them is so well painted that it is little short of realization, yet no one thing in them is more worthy or dignified than another, and the only decided impression one carries from them is one of carved furniture and picturesque costumes. Shakespeare and Milton give names to them, but nothing more, and under the names of John Jones and Peter Smith in their studies, they would have every particle of artistic value that they have now.

So much for merely technical criticism; it would be absurd to judge the pictures from the point of character, for there has been no feeling for, nor attempt to portray, the characters of those men whom the pictures profess to honor. To paint a great man one must have sympathy with greatness. Any man may learn to draw features and match complexions, but to catch the fugitive lines which betray the soul, or to refine the shades of expression which show the deep working of poetic emotion, one must have in himself a certain something which goes beyond surfaces, and finds the spirit. We have here the head of Shakespeare, the immense forehead, correct perhaps, phrenologically, but there is no serenity about the lines of the mouth, none of the grand dignity with which he said, "All the world's a stage," and which made him feel it, too; about the eye, none of the humor and human sympathy that made him Shakespeare. These things the artist must have in himself, or he cannot represent them in others, and these things Mr. Faed shows no evidence of the possession of in these pictures. For the mass, who neither comprehend nor love the poets, therefore, they are well enough; for the technician who loves fine painting, as such, they are well enough; but for the poet who knows of the glorious souls which animated the bodies named Milton and Shakespeare, there can be no feeling towards these representations than one of annoyance and vexation that great men should have been so small dealt with.

We must judge works not by their pretences, but by their real purpose, and when with no other purpose than to show how cleverly he can paint, an artist drags in, and down, great themes, we judge him more harshly for his presumption, while if he had been as humble in his pretensions as in his ability, we might have given him all the honor he deserved. If Mr. Faed had imagined that he had attained a new insight into the character of his nominal subjects, or had learned anything new to tell us, and had told this straightforwardly, we would have judged his work by this, and would have given him consideration as a thinker, whether right or wrong, but when he borrows great names to sell his studies of still life to greater advantage, he performs a trick which debars him from all claim to the title of true Artist. This is harsh, but it is just. We do not attempt to degrade Mr. Faed's art, but to place it on its true level, above which it would rise by the influence of associations to which it has no claim. He has no right to paint Shakespeare's clothes and mask, and call it Shakespeare, when it has not one trace of that which distinguished him from other men, and not even of that which is noblest in any man.

He paints detail well, but character very poorly, *if we may judge from these pictures*. The true social law of Art would keep him painting those things which are valuable for their detail, and forbid him from attempting character, which he cannot represent, and if a false ambition leads him out of his sphere, the kindest thing, both to him and the world of Art, is to drive him back again.

FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

THE forty members of the Royal Academy have met in full Senate; and, according to ancient custom, employed the first Monday in November in filling up any vacancies that may have occurred in the class of associates. Rumor reports that there was a large attendance, and that the Kensingtonians came down in full body to vote for their own man. The result more than confirms the rumor. There were two vacancies, and Mr. John Callcott Horsley, a painter, and Mr. George Gilbert Scott, the celebrated architect, were elected associates from what we believe to have been as large a list of candidates as the Academy had to choose from for very many years. The selection is in every respect excellent. Mr. Horsley is clever, and though he has not yet fulfilled the promise of his boyhood—perhaps too much to be expected from him—he has been gradually and importantly improving in his art. Of Mr. Gilbert Scott it is not too much to say that he is the best Gothic architect of our day. In rectifying churches he does not copy with servility. He understands what Gothic architecture is, and has invention of his own. He is, perhaps, too much addicted to restoration, as we have had occasion to remark with respect to the much-talked-about restoration of the Royal monuments in Westminster Abbey. The Academy wanted a good Gothic Architect, and they have made a wise selection in Mr. Scott.

At the same meeting, the question of the rank of engravers in the Royal Academy was again mooted, and Mr. Lumb Stocks, a line engraver, who had submitted to the unworthy condition previously required of engravers, was elected an Associate Engraver "of the new class." This question of the rank of engravers should not remain any longer in this still uncertain state. The Royal Academicians have tardily admitted the high merits of the best engravers, but they have not as yet admitted them to the full rank they are entitled to. They have still the little "stools" at which Strange, Sharp, and Raimbach (time-honored names), were wont to laugh; and at which Burnet, Pye, Goodall, Robinson, and Doo (their worthy successors), very properly laugh, and will not sit down upon. As for the election of Mr. Stocks, the Royal Academicians could not, under the circumstances, have done better. They have passed over, it is true, Mr. Robert Graves and Mr. Willmore, both line engravers or merit; but the public will justify their preference.

We may be permitted to cite among the revolutions effected in the domain of elegance and luxury, that introduced by M. Alexandre in the manufacture of fans. This graceful and coquettish appendage to feminine toilet has, under his hand, been transformed from a mere toy to an elaborate and valuable work of Art. In order to carry out his idea on the subject, M. Alexandre has called in the aid of such artists as Horace Vernet, Diaz, Celestin Nanteuil, Eugène Lami, Hamon, Belort, Fleury, Bouchardy, &c., &c., to paint the parchments, while the sticks are carved and decorated by the best workers in the art that can be found. These fans are divided into four categories: in the first, the pictures are the original works of the artists before named, and no duplicates exist of them; the mountings are of the most exquisite workmanship, and are enriched with jewels;

the price of them amounts to as much as 10,000 francs. In the second class, the paintings are by less celebrated artists, and are sometimes original, sometimes copies of the works of masters. The prices vary from 1,000 to 5,000 francs. The third class consists of copies of the two first, which cost from 3 to 500 francs; and the fourth are such as are intended for general sale and exportation—their price varies from 30 to 80 francs.—*London Illustrated News*.

THE specimens of Marne and Co., of Tours, and the details of their establishment which they have addressed to the members of the jury, suggest some important considerations with regard to the attainment of an extreme point of cheapness in the manufacture of books. I use the word "manufacture" advisedly; for we have no example in Great Britain of a large factory in which, with the exception of the paper, all the processes connected with printing and binding, including the arts of the designer and engraver, are carried through, for the production of about eight hundred different volumes, varying from the small Prayer-book, bound for 35 centimes, to the folio Local History, splendidly illustrated, for 100 francs.

In the London Exhibition of 1861, Marne and Co. received a prize medal "for the extreme cheapness and great variety of books printed, bound, and published by them." Examination of their catalogue not only shows the "great variety of their publications, but points out, in the very nature of their works, that the "extreme cheapness" is attained by the continued production of large impressions, for a constant and universal demand. The nearest parallel case in England is that of the production of Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer-books, by the Universities, and the King's printer. But cheap as these privileged English books now are, they can scarcely compare with the "Liturgies" and "Offices" produced by Messrs. Marne, especially those which are luxuriously bound. The "Missale Romanum," in folio, beautifully printed, is sold, unbound, for 11 francs; the most exquisite binding, in morocco, fully gilt, adds only twenty francs to the price. The "Paroissien Romain," 32mo., a very nicely-printed volume of 636 pages, solidly bound in black sheep, marbled edges, costs 80 centimes (8d.); the same in calf, gilt edges, 1 franc 20 cents (1s.); and in morocco, 1 franc 70 cents (1s. 5d.). The demand for "Livres d'Offices" and "Livres de Piété" is, of course, constant and universal; and of these Messrs. Marne have fifty-one different works and editions. The greater portion of the books belong to history and geography, others are standard works of fiction. In the "Bibliothèque de la Jeunesse Chrétienne," we may take as a specimen a translation of "Robinson Crusoe," in 12mo., with twenty-four admirable woodcuts, each the size of the page, two volumes at seventy-five cents each. We have nothing so beautifully printed at such a price. We must notice, however, that the figures we have given represent the wholesale cost.

Without knowing the rate of wages at Tours, we must be satisfied to conclude that a great deal of this extreme cheapness is produced by the use of the most improved mechanical processes, and by the most perfect division of labor. It appears that twenty cylindrical printing-machines are employed, producing 15,000 volumes a day, of ten sheets, or 150,000 sheets. This is about the English rate of 1000 an hour. A volume bound in morocco is stated to pass through eighty hands. The number of work-people employed in this factory amounts to twelve hundred; and we may assume that a large proportion are women and children, for it is stated that "the workshops, surrounded with gardens, are kept in winter at an equal temperature, combine all the elements of salubrity, and offer to the numerous children who therein work, without fatigue, a more healthful shelter than the maternal home."